

THE WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1805.

No. 7.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM—PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

BENEVOLENT RAMBLES;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SENTONIUS.

In continuation.

FROM the mansion of iniquity we directed our steps to the abode of wretchedness; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards, when Sentonius espied one of his domestics, who had lived with him a number of years. "Peter, (said he, in a voice of conciliation,) what is the business that brought you here?" "I heard, Sir, (replied the man,) you were coming to speak in favour of one of the culprits; and I have a letter for you, which came by an express from town."

"Merciful God! (exclaimed Sentonius,) can any new misfortune have befallen me! It must either be from my unfortunate wife, or son!" His agitation was so violent at the bare idea, that he was forced to support himself with my arm. With trembling hands he took the letter: the superscription was one that he had never seen before: this circumstance seemed to calm his agitation; and breaking the seal, he read the following words."

"Sir,

"I am requested, by a dying patient, to implore your immediate presence, that she may have the happiness of hearing her forgiveness pronounced from the lips of the man whom she has so cruelly injured, and whom, at the present moment, she assures me she loves.

"Stranger, Sir, as I am to your person, I am not so to your character; therefore,

I will not make use of any arguments to induce you to comply; for well do I know the benevolence of your disposition, and the unbounded affection you once felt for your wife. Pity will supply the place of that sentiment, and induce you to use the utmost speed. Yet much do I fear that the exhausted sufferer will not be in existence when you arrive.

"I have the honour to be Sir,

"With every respectful sentiment,

"Your obedient servant.

"GEORGE DANVERS."

"Unhappy woman! may the Almighty extend his mercy to thee!" exclaimed Sentonius in an affecting tone of voice: then turning to Peter, he desired him to order a chaise and four immediately, and put into my hand a fifty-pound note; requesting me to procure a comfortable lodging for the widow and her daughter; and to provide the former with a physician and a nurse. This humane task I undertook with pleasure, promising to remain at — a week or ten days, for the purpose of seeing that every attention was paid them, which it was possible for the power of kindness to bestow. "I envy you the gratifying employment," said Sentonius, at the same time firmly grasping my hand. The chaise appeared; he sprang into it; and, without asking his permission, I desired the faithful Peter to accompany his master to town.

I proceeded towards the prison with those gratifying sensations which the bare idea of conferring happiness naturally inspires; and the humane keeper opened the doors to me with pleasure sparkling in his expressive eyes. "Well, sir—have you been able to make any thing of Grampus?" said he, in a voice in which something more than curiosity was expressed. I replied, by shewing him a

discharge for his prisoner, and a receipt for the amount of the debt.

"From the moment I first put a padlock upon liberty, I never felt so much pleasure in all my life," said the being whom the sight of misfortune seemed to have softened, although it generally produces a contrary effect. From the delicate state of health under which the unfortunate Mrs. D—— laboured, I was aware that it would be necessary to act with precaution and care; knowing the effect which sudden joy produces upon a mind weighed down by misery and distress. It was with some difficulty that I could prevent the honest fellow from rushing into the prisoner's apartment, and loudly proclaiming her release; and all the arguments I used, could not convince him that an excess of pleasure might be productive of pain. He participated so sincerely in the widow's good fortune, that I dared not trust him out of my sight, but requested his wife to inform the ladies, that a gentleman wished to see them, who meant to convey some pleasant news. Their ears had so long been strangers to agreeable intelligence, that they scarcely could credit the truth of what they heard: however, I was immediately requested to make my appearance, which I did with sensations that would be difficult to describe.

Stretched upon a clean though humble pallet, I saw one of the most interesting forms my eyes had ever beheld. Sentiment and sensibility were displayed in every feature; but misfortune had cast over them a dejected kind of shade; and the smile which she endeavoured to throw over them upon my entrance, seemed an effort of politeness, and was evidently constrained. She appeared to be about the age of forty; though the ravages of disease might have added to her years: by the side of her was placed the blooming

Emily, whose expressive eyes were suffused in tears. After bending to the mother, I approached the object of her affection, and, by an involuntary impulse, extended my hand. "I am the harbinger of good tidings (said I), my dear young lady; and am commissioned to wait on you by one of your mother's sincerest friends. Deeply does he regret that he was not sooner made acquainted with your situation; but he trusts that his services are not too late. In the early part of life, he received obligations from your deceased father; and he rejoices in being able to evince his gratitude to his widow and his child. Accident made him acquainted with the depravity of Mr. C——'s conduct; friendship induced him to discharge the debt; and business of a domestic nature having prevented him from waiting upon you, he has deputed me to act in his stead. I have orders to provide a lodging for Mrs. D——, to send a physician to her, and procure her a nurse; and to enable you to discharge any little debts that may be contracted, he has requested me to be the bearer of a fifty pound note."

"Heaven shower down blessings upon him! (exclaimed the lovely Emily, embracing the author of her birth.) Have I not, my beloved mother, often told you, that the Almighty would raise us up a friend?"—"Treacherous friends, perhaps, my Emily," said the unfortunate mother, returning the salutation of her child.—"Pardon me, sir, for doubting the motives by which your friend is actuated; but we are apt to become *suspicious* after having been *deceived*. My Emily unfortunately possesses many attractions; and if to *them* I am to ascribe the interference of your friend, I request you will inform him, we can support poverty with resignation; but that we are too virtuous to purchase *liberty* at the expence of disgrace."

"I admire your *sentiments*, madam," said I, "as much as I commiserate your situation: but we must not judge of the actions of the world in general, by the conduct of those who disgrace the name of *man*. Fortune has been lavish in worldly possessions to the being who interests himself in your welfare; but in domestic life, few men have been so ill-fated as himself. The wife whom he loved with the fondest affection, disgraced his name by an open intrigue. The son, on whose education a fortune had been expended,

has brought shame and misery upon his father's head; and the friend who was bound to him by the ties of gratitude, returned the obligations he had received, by running away with his wife! Thus, disappointed in his hopes of domestic happiness, Sentonius devotes his fortune to the relief of the distressed; and your situation, madam, having been represented to him, from the most *disinterested* motives he discharged the debt."

"May that Being who bestowed this benevolent disposition upon him, permit him in time to receive its due reward!" said the grateful and astonished Mrs. D——, raising her eyes towards the throne of mercy and grace. "I no longer, sir," continued she, "doubt the purity of your friend's intention; but his desire of serving me, I fear, comes too late; for the unexpected strokes of misfortune I have met with, have proved too severe for a susceptible mind to sustain; and I feel myself rapidly sinking under them; but, through you, I will implore his friendship for my child!" At the bare idea of leaving her Emily, her voice faltered, and she burst into an affecting flood of tears: the tender drops became contagious, and it was with difficulty I could restrain my own. At that moment the honest gaoler entered. "Well, madam," said he, "I give you joy: and had it not been for that there gentleman, I should have had the pleasure of first telling you the news! I likes to make people's hearts *merry*, and I do not see why there should be any form; but he seemed to be as fearful of putting you into a *combustion*, as if he was going to tell you the most *horrid* tale. I hope your honour will please to forgive me, for I am sure I don't mean to offend; but I can safely say, that since I have been in office, I never felt so much pleasure as when you told me madam was released."

"Of your kindness, my worthy friend," replied Mrs. D——, "I shall ever remain sensible: we owe you more than language is able to express; and if fortune should ever smile upon me, I will prove my sense of our obligations more forcibly than by words." "There now," said the honest fellow, "you make quite a *fool* of me; (wiping the starting tear with the sleeve of his coat.) I hates to hear you talk in that kind of manner, it gives me such a dev'lish lump in my throat."

To turn the conversation into a different channel, I enquired whether Mrs.

D—— knew any person in the town; informing her, that I must immediately procure lodgings, or I should not fulfil my friend's commands. Upon her telling me that she was unacquainted with any person, I addressed myself to the master of the house, who said that his wife's sister had some very pretty apartments, and that she did not live above three hundred yards off. Thither I went, and succeeded in my embassy: but the invalid refused to quit her abode before night. The mistress of the lodgings recommended a nurse to me; and I requested the first physician in the town to call at nine o'clock. Though it was not necessary that he should be made acquainted with his patient's *history*, yet I thought it right that he should be informed she had experienced much agitation of mind; and to *that* he ascribed the greater part of her symptoms, and gave me the strongest hopes of preserving her life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN this interval, Kebal, having finished his business, returned to Bagdad. But how great was his astonishment, on his arrival, to find his son alive! Yet his surprise was still heightened, when he found that he was married to his daughter! All these events were beyond his comprehension. Though they bore the signature of the Deity, he would not consent to trace the finger by which they were wrought. He was angry with Providence for preventing him from perpetrating those crimes which were suggested by the angel of malice; but, resolved never to deviate into virtue, he still watered the weeds of vice, which had over run the garden of his heart. In the midst of his embarrassment, the apprehension of discovering his wickedness, prevented him from seeking information. He resolved, therefore, once more to make use of the veil of dissimulation, and disguised the mortal hatred he bore to an innocent son, under the specious garb of friendship.

The eye of Providence can penetrate through every gloom: some are likewise pervious to human sagacity. Malahijah was too wise to be deceived by this fallacious calm. Her tenderness for the life

of a husband, who engrossed her affection, inspired her with address enough to disconcert all the insidious measures of her father: and the reflection, that she prevented the commission of wickedness, at the same time as she saved the life of her husband, compensated every effort of vigilance, and gilded every repetition of fatigue.

A few days after his return, Kébal gave a sheep and some vessels of wine to his domestics.

"Open the doors of your hearts," says he, "to the voice of rapture: this night let your thoughts rove in the wilds of dissipation, on account of my return. I demand no other token of your gratitude but the offices of friendship. An enemy is meditating to cut the thread of my life. Artifice shall allure him this night to my dwelling. He will descend the staircase, which leads from my apartment, about the fourth hour. As soon as you hear the sound of his feet, fly upon him with all the eagerness of officiousness, and plunge your daggers in his heart."

An address of this kind, instead of filling them with horror, animated them to obedience. The minds that are debased with servility are strangers to the dictates of humanity: obedience is their greatest virtue. The domestics of Kébal gloried in the attempt, to which they were animated by their master, and thought to demonstrate their fidelity, by an action, which divested them of the characteristic of rational creatures.

When the fatal hour was begun, Kébal desired his son to go into the hall, where his domestics were assembled, and bid one of them attend him. He was on the verge of the fatal precipice, the staircase, when his wife, who was inspired by Providence, stopped him, and conjured him not to execute a commission, which teemed with some mysterious danger.—He heard her with complacency, and attended her into her own apartment.

Kébal was in this interval agitated by a variety of passions; for the hearts of the wicked resemble the ocean, whose waves are swelled by a tempestuous blast. He was for half an hour racked by the tortures of suspense; but being no longer able to withstand the suggestions of curiosity, he was determined to know whether his domestics had executed their sanguin-

ary charge. As he was descending the staircase, his domestics, having heard no one come down the stairs before, and imagining it to be the victim which Kébal had ordered them to sacrifice, they fell upon him, and plunged their daggers into his bosom, in the dark.

The noise which was made by the assassins, and the dying groans of Kébal, reached the ears of his son, who ran immediately to the fatal spot. The spectacle filled him with horror and rage: he ordered the domestics to be carried immediately to the Cadi, and threatened with the utmost rigour of the law.

Kébal, whose life resembled the flame of an expiring taper, had sense enough to be touched with the filial regard of his son. His agonies were increased by contrasting his own cruelty with his son's tenderness. He looked at him with the eyes of penitence, and fetching a groan, addressed him in the abrupt accents of agony and despair.

"The death I suffer, I designed for thee!—My domestics are only the instruments of my cruelty:—I was the projector.—The tear which my catastrophe has forced from thy eye, heightens the blackness of my guilt, and the fierceness of my agonies. But so it will always happen to insidious malice.—The weapon which was designed for another shall recoil. Heaven is mercifully just!—It has preserved thee—and—Oh—"

After a groan he expired.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A PARISIAN STORY.

A POOR old man had a dog, which he had reared from a puppy, and with which he had daily shared the parsimonious morsel that was scarcely sufficient for the subsistence of both. By age and scantiness of food, his strength declined so fast, that he could no longer procure enough to keep his dog and himself alive. He would have given the animal away, but he had no form of beauty, or qualities that could attract the attention and friendship of others; and, driven to extremity, his master took him in his arms, tied a stone to one end of the string, and the other end round the neck of the dog, carried him to one of the bridges, wept over

him, kissed him, and plunged him into the river: after which, he went and sat down by the side of the wall, covered his face with his hands, and was seized with the agonizing thought that he had that instant wilfully put to death the only remaining friend he had on earth.

He had scarcely remained a minute in this disconsolate state, when a neighbour passing came up; and seeing him thus, immediately enquired what had happened.

"I am a miserable and guilty wretch (said the old man): I do not deserve to live: there was but one creature in the world that loved me, and him I have this moment destroyed."

"Who?—what creature? And how destroyed?"

"My poor, my patient Fidel—that suffered with me, and never murmured."

"But what of him?"

"I have thrown him over the bridge."

"And why did you so?"

"I had no longer any food to give him, without fasting myself; and for that I had not courage."

"No food? When did you leave home?"

"Early this morning. I have been in the *Champs Elysees*: I sat there all day with Fidel."

"Then you do not know that Antoine is returned?"

"Returned! How should he return? I should not now have been starving, if he had not fallen at Toulon."

"So every body thought; but it was not true: he was taken prisoner, has made his escape, and is now waiting at home, impatient to embrace his father."

"My dear boy, my Antoine, living!"

"I have seen him!"

"Oh, what a rash wretch have I been to drown Fidel! I do not deserve the blessing which heaven has sent me."

The old man had scarcely finished this his last regret, before Fidel came running up, and jumped into his arms. The stone had slipped out of the noose, Fidel swam to shore, and the poor old man's happiness was as great as it was unexpected.

HE who is dignified without ostentation, and modest without embarrassment; conciliating without crouching, and easy without familiarity, is flying to respect and honour upon the wings of an eagle.

Easy conversation, good breeding, neatness of person, and genteel carriage, are the best letters of recommendation.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

CHARACTER OF A MARRIED MAN.

The felicity of a married man never stands still: It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels; it depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most extatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an universal benevolence, mix in all his ideas. The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it but with regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with rapture; joy flushes her cheek. Mutual are their transports. Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social Mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no termination. When death overtakes him he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

ORIGINAL LETTER,

FROM A LADY TO HER FRIEND.

"YE gay scenes of dissipation; ye motley crowds, who dance in giddy rounds, through the various mazes of vanity and pride; ye wanton circles, whom delusive pleasure still beckons forward, and still deceives—adien.—Welcome, ease, quiet, tranquillity, and all the serene joys of domestic life."—But where am I wandering? Already my imagination hears Lucinda exclaim, "What means all this rhapsody? Not to keep you in suspense, my dear friend, I am married, and you

are at liberty to call me an unfashionable creature. I am ready to bear every opprobrious epithet, with which the tea-table shall think fit to brand my name. I am ready to bear them with pleasure, and, like a true martyr, *glory* in my sufferings. For know, that I have learned to estimate things according to their true value. I have learned to think the censure of those who esteem me censurable for my present conduct, the greatest honour. Still, methinks, you say, "Why, silly creature, did you not flutter a little longer in the bright regions of pleasure? It would have been soon enough to have resigned your liberty when your charms were in their decay; when you was in distress, you might have sought the port of wedlock, and have found a secure refuge in a husband. But in the flower of youth and beauty, when all confessed themselves subdued by the power of your eyes, to confine, voluntarily to confine, your conquests within the narrow limits of one heart! 'tis madness."—Ah, Lucinda, believe me. I would not barter the share I possess in that dear heart, to gain the admiration of all those vain, empty, silly, flattering things, that figure in the fashionable world. And I am persuaded, that did you once taste the exquisite bliss of sincere affection, your ideas of pleasure would be so exalted by the taste, that you would wonder how once you could live the life which is called a life of pleasure—which should be called, a life of splendid misery.

"Yes, my dear, I am married. Married to the man I love, by whom I am beloved. For never, sure, did affection meet with such ample returns. If perfect happiness ever falls to the lot of mortals, it has fallen to mine: nor will I think my bliss is short-lived. By experience I can contradict that prevailing opinion, which maintains, that indifference is always the consequence of possession. Every hour I receive fresh instances of tenderness, and every hour I give. Thus far I will be confident—my heart shall never lose the deep impressions it has received; and I flatter myself, that I have taken such possession of another heart, as will render it impossible for me to be ejected. No; I will never entertain a suspicion of infidelity in that breast, which has so often poured itself out to my view, and in which I have beheld nothing but love.

By this time, I imagine, you are impatient to have a description of the object of

my affection. But, alas! my love makes me think that others are fond of knowing what I am fond of relating. However it be, excuse my impertinence when I tell you, that my partner is in the flower of his age. Not a perfect beauty, yet agreeable. In conversation gay, sensible, and sprightly; yet not affected. In his dress neat, yet plain; without the least tincture of that odious animal, a coxcomb. In a word, he is easy, affable, good natured, polite, and genteel. And what, in my esteem, is his least recommendation, he is possessed of a moderate and independent fortune. I think I have said enough (and I have said nothing but the truth) to justify my choice.

You see, my Lucinda, I have been very explicit; I fear tedious. However, I have experienced the amiableness of your disposition often enough to be able to promise myself your pardon. But in return for my frankness to you, I must beg you to give me your confidence. And believe me, in whatever unfavourable light I look upon the greater part of the *beau monde*, yet I never shall esteem any thing in which you, Lucinda, are interested, uninteresting to

Your sincere friend,
OLIVIA.

ON THE LOSS OF A BELOVED WIFE.

HOW joyfully do we disencumber ourselves from the shackles of society, for that close and sublime intercourse in which our inclinations are free, our feelings generous, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutuality of thought and action, of pleasures and of pains, uninterruptedly prevail; where the gentle hand of Love conducts us along the paths of truth and virtue; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation, and succour, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents, and in all the misfortunes of life! The *happy pair*, casting a retrospective glance on the time passed, mutually exclaim, with the tenderest emotions, "Oh the delights that we have already experienced! Oh the joys that we have already felt!" If the tear of affliction steal down the cheek of the one, the other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The sorrows of one are felt with equal sensibility by the other: and what sorrow will

not an intercourse of hearts, so closely and affectionately united, entirely subdue? Day after day, they communicate to each other all that they have seen, all that they have heard, all that they feel, and every thing that they know: Time flies before them on his swiftest pinions; they are never tired of each other's company and conversation. The only misfortune they fear, the greatest, indeed, they can possibly experience, is the misfortune of being separated by untimely death. But human happiness is continually exposed to interruption. At the very moment, alas! when we vainly think ourselves most secure, Fate, by a sudden blow, strikes its unhappy victim even in our arms. All the pleasures of life seem then for ever extinguished, every object alarms our mind, and every place seems desert and forlorn. In vain are our arms extended to embrace our loved though lost companion; in vain do we invoke her return. Her well known step seems still to beat upon the listening ear, and promote her approach; but suspended sense returns, and the delusive sounds are heard no more. A death-like silence reigns around, and involves us in the shades of dreary solitude, unconscious of every thing but our bleeding hearts. Wearied and dejected, we imagine ourselves no longer capable of loving, or of being beloved, and life without love, to the heart that has once felt its pleasures, is more terrible than death. So sudden a transition from the highest happiness to the deepest misery, overpowers the mind; no kind friend appears to assuage our sufferings, or seems capable of forming an adequate idea of our distress: the pangs, indeed, which such a loss inflicts cannot be conceived unless they have been felt. The only consolation of the unhappy sufferer is to live in solitude, and his only wish to die alone.

FROM THE PIC NIC.

[Lately published.]

OIL, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics—but I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in ever thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill

up the wrinkles in her ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *depilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her, for some time, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sall, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeance: and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush, are white to it.

But, to return to my lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called "*Medea's Kettle; or the Art of restoring decayed Beauty*;" which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions. I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright *garter-blue*!—Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped. I could not help laughing, neither; she looked so comical. As for my lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor lady's face remained just the same. We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff—*muratic acid* I think she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was

yellowish, which, mixing with the blue, produced a delicate *pea-green*. This is my lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but, in the mean time, for heaven's sake, do give us your advice and assistance: For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps, you know, change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own. But I hear my lady's bell; and, as I cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself

Yours to command.

TABITHA TOILET.

OF GOOD AND BAD.

GOOD and bad seem to be blended together through all nature, and sometimes to be confounded with each other. In man there seems to be certain vices and virtues which generally go together; and when we see, as we continually do, that some faulty characters please, and some virtuous characters displease, we ought to distinguish what in particular it is that pleases or displeases in them, and if we do, we shall find, at least I believe much oftener than we are aware of, that the virtuous character displeases only in the vicious part, and the vicious character pleases only in the virtuous part. It must, indeed, be confessed, that some *virtuous* characters displease us more, upon the whole, than some vicious characters; but then it happens, that the vice mingled in the virtuous character is of the most odious kind; for we are more offended with parsimony degenerated into avarice, than with liberality pushed on to profusion: And it should also be remembered, that there are some good and bad qualities, which partake very little either of virtue or vice, and will yet almost obscure the one, and atone for the other.

—
HE who is of no consequence in his own estimation, and accepts employment as a volunteer in the service of the designing, is a dupe and a cat's paw.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1805.

EUROPE.—The period has arrived, when events, big with the fate of nations, are agitated. The armies of the French empire, led to the field by their heretofore victorious leader, have already signalized themselves anew, by defeating the Austrians in two engagements. The killed on both sides were many—the French took 4000 prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction; together with arms, ammunition, and four stand of colours, which latter have been presented by the emperor to the mayor and city of Paris.

So decisive a defeat must greatly dishearten the Austrians; while, on the contrary, their opposers will feel a greater degree of enthusiasm.

The public mind has seldom been more feelingly alive to learn every particular respecting the proceedings of the European world. How events will terminate, speculative opinions can never unfold. Time will afford us demonstration.

By an arrival at Boston, we learn, that dreadful disorders had broken out at Cadiz, owing to the great animosity subsisting between the French and Spanish. The origin of these tumults is said to have taken rise between the French and Spanish admirals. Nightly disturbances and riotous and tumultuous proceedings, were the consequences.

In Madrid the disorders wear a still more dreadful appearance; the inhabitants are in arms, to whom the Swiss guards have been opposed and defeated; upwards of 600 persons have been killed and wounded in this conflict: the cause is attempted to be kept profoundly secret: but it has arisen from an edict lately passed, under the sanction of the Prince of Peace, commanding all persons to receive in full payment, in lieu of money, the *denirovales*, a paper currency, which, in

the last war, was at a discount of 50/ per cent. This currency is the most unpopular in the kingdom of Spain, is always at a discount, and the people refuse to concur in the terms of the edict, which is the cause of a dispute that has at length occasioned the insurrection.

In consequence of this news, all intercourse by way of exchange, between Lisbon and Madrid, is at a stand; and all business between the two places ceases for the present.

BLOODLESS VICTORY.

The following intelligence was communicated in a letter, to the Editors of the Boston Gazette,

Dated at Salem, on Saturday last:

"The Messenger, capt. Buffinton, arrived here last evening from Amsterdam. Left the city on the 20th, and the Texel on the 22d October. At the Texel he received the Amsterdam papers, from which was read to him an account, that—

"*Bonaparte had surrounded, and taken prisoners, 30,000 Austrians.* There was no account of any battle from which this event resulted. You will therefore perceive, that though it is probable the hostile armies have come into contact, this must be a very imperfect account of the circumstance."

Extract of a letter from Lanesborough (Mass.) dated Nov. 30, 1805.

"Henry Deming, postmaster at Hinsdale, in this state, was arrested last Wednesday, on suspicion of having robbed the mail of a letter, written by Whiting, Backus and Whiting, of Albany, addressed to a gentleman in Boston, with 1500 dollars in bank paper enclosed. He has been examined at Pittsfield, and committed. From the testimony there produced, little doubt remained of his being guilty—indeed he so far confessed, as to offer to settle the business—but it was too late."

On Friday last was found dead, near the turnpike road, about one mile from this city, a man by the name of Samuel Harris, or Harries. The inquest which sat on the body could not ascertain that he had any settled place of residence. He was a pedlar—a Scotchman by birth. The verdict of the jury was, "That he

came to his death by the hand of God."
Albany Gaz.

More than *fifteen hundred dollars* were collected at the theatre on Monday evening for the benefit of the orphan children of the late Mr. Hodgkinson. Three gentlemen, of much respectability, have volunteered their services as guardians for them.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Mr. Carpenter,

SIR,

My dangerous illness has prevented my informing you sooner of the amount of the night for the benefit of the orphan children of the late Mr. Hodgkinson.

The whole amount of the House, was

\$ 537 50

Expences, 59

\$ 478 50

There remains clear for the children 478 dollars 50 cents, which money will be left at the bank, till I know the result of the theatres of New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Virginia. If you think proper to acquaint the public of the receipts and expences, I leave that to your better judgment: but what I cannot pass unnoticed, are my public thanks to all the performers, and to the gentlemen who compose the orchestra, who so generously helped me to pay the last duty to the memory of my late partner, by protecting his orphans.

I remain, sir, yours,

A. PLACIDE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN ADDRESS,

Spoken by the Miss Hodgkinsons, at their Benefit in this City, on Monday evening last.

FANNY.

ERE three short winters with their snows are fled,
A Mother dies; a Father, too, is dead:
Their little Orphans, *we*, this night appear,
And, lest we pain you, dry the trembling tear.
Oh! yet forgive us if a tear should start,
Spite of the struggles of an infant's heart;
If e'er a sigh, when most your smiles approve,
Breathe its soft tribute to a Mother's love!
Departed Mother!...cherish'd *here* art thou;
Thy voice of sweetness, and thine angel brow.
Oh! must that voice forever hush'd remain?
And canst thou never smile on us again?
Still, tho' we see thee not, be thine the care
To shield the infants of thy love with prayer;

Oh! still thy guardian smile of fondness shed,
And we will love thee, Mother, tho' thou'rt dead!
Yet ours is hope... for e'er his parting breath
The best of Fathers yielded up in death;
As in his languid eye stood life's last tear,
He told us we should find our Parents here.
"Tho' from these feeble limbs, my Babes," he
sigh'd,

"Swift to the heart the pulses all retire:
And soon, ah soon! its throbbings must divide
Forever from his weeping Babes their Sire—
Yet mourn not with an anguish too severe;
Oh, weep not ever o'er a Father's tomb!
For many a sigh is yours, and many a prayer,
And Beauty waits to rear you into bloom...
Farewell!"...he sigh'd...and feeble was the sigh;
For hardly did the pulse of being glide:
Then, lifting up to heaven his closing eye,
He bless'd his Babes, and...died!—
Lamented Spirit! sweet be thy repose!
Sweet as thy parting voice that sooth'd our woes:
For one, still bleeding with the recent smart,
Has press'd thy weeping infants to his heart;
And Friends, far dearer to their souls than life,
Contend to shield them with a generous strife.

ROSINA.

Yes, dearest Sister! our Papa was right;
For we have Friends and Patrons here this night.
What, tho' Mama is gone, methinks I trace
Her smile that blest us, in each beauteous face.
Tho' heaven has forc'd our dear Papa to die,
A Father beams from each indulgent eye.

FANNY.

Our kind Protectors! tho' we boast the while
At best to please you but a grateful heart;
Ah, who can tell, but, cherish'd by your smile,
The Infant may surpass its Parents' art?
So, rescued from the bleak, autumnal gale,
The little shivering tenant of the vale,
To gentler skies by some kind hand convey'd,
In more than native beauty is array'd;
Points its soft tendrils mid the winter's gloom,
And springs and blushes with protracted bloom.

ROSINA.

Our Parents now! than Parents dearer far!
Sweet to your slumbers be the Orphan's prayer!
That prayer, oh, never will we fail to give,
Nor cease to love you, till we cease to live.

Deaths in this city during the last week,
of consumption, 9, convulsions 5, decay
3, drowned 11 (in the sloop Sarah, from
New Cornwall), typhus fever 5, hives 2,
inflammation of the lungs 2, do. of the
bowels 2, still born 2, cold, croup, dropsy,
catarrhal fever, nervous fever, fracture,
mortification of the stomach, old age
and ulcer, of each one. Men 20, women
18, boys 9, girls 3.—Total 50.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, by the Rev.
John Foster, Mr. Thomas Hollis, late from
England, to Miss Eliza Herbert, of this
city.

On Tuesday evening, David B. Ogden,
esq. to Miss Eliza Ogden.

....."all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Monday, much regretted, capt. James
Barry.

On Tuesday, Mr. Edward M. Cornick.
Early in the morning of the 2d inst. at
Fort Allen, in the county of Northampton,
Pennsylvania, of a sudden and short illness,
Mr. Charles Cist, of Philadelphia, printer,
aged 67 years.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his
friends and the public, that his School is now open
at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the
usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

♫ Ladies attended at their own houses as
usual.

December 14.

tf.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS.

A handsome assortment of very elegant TOR-
TOISE-SHELL COMBS, for sale by

A. & F. OGSBURY,

No. 77, William, corner of Liberty street
Who have just opened, a few sets of Oblong
Morocco ground double-gold-bordered

TEA-TRAYS,

latest Fashion. Also, Tinsel Trimmings, &c.

Nov. 23



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general,
that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Um-
brellas and Parasols, warranted fast Colours.
Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality
to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and
Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.

tf.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE
TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the
only Medicine yet discovered which gives imme-
diate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made
public, many thousand persons have experienced
its salutary effects. The following recent case is
selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excru-
ciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two
months, and could obtain no relief from various
medicines which I tried. Being strongly recom-
mended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I
procured a bottle, and applied them according to
the directions, and also bathed the side of my face
with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned
by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few
minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the
pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since.
I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment
of their merit, not only in compliment to you for
so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public con-
fidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from
which mankind are likely to derive such eminent
services. It is certainly the most efficacious medi-
cine I ever heard of. You have my permission to
make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING'S, No. 103
Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl
street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co.'s
Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.

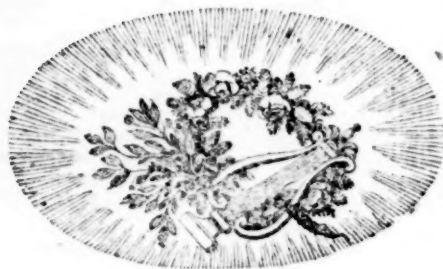
W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he
has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nas-
sau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the
profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such princi-
ples, that they are not merely ornamental, but
answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so
neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from
the most natural. His method, also, of CLEAN-
ING the TEETH is generally approved of, and al-
lowed to add every possible elegance to the finest
set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury
to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE,
his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but
if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his
attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the
most improved SURGICAL principles, is at-
tended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or
lady at their respective houses; or he may be con-
sulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had
his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an inno-
cent and valuable preparation of his own, from
chymical knowledge. It has been considerably
estimated the last ten years; and many medical
characters both use and recommend it; as, by a
constant application of it, the teeth become beau-
tifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a
firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened
teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath
imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destruc-
tive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DE-
CAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had
at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.



ROMANTIC LOVE.

A TOWN-BRED Miss from school return'd,
Because 'twas thought enough she'd learn'd,
Came home, by way of recreation,
To shew her parts and education.

Papa—a careful, drudging cit,
With money better stock'd than wit,
Thought Nancy little else requir'd:
Mama—gentility admir'd.

Miss, you must know, was past sixteen;
" 'Twas time," Mamma said, " to be seen.
" Polite arts she had learn'd in plenty;
" Now," she believ'd, " knew more at twenty."

See Miss, then, as most Misses are,
Convinc'd she was divinely fair;
Deep learn'd in novels and romances,
And full of tender thoughts and fancies.

Miss, as was natural, lov'd to shew
Her pretty self t' attract some beau;
For in all novels she had found
Each fair one in Love's fetters bound.

A comely youth, whose flowing hair
A ribbon bound with graceful air,
At length she gain'd—and soon his eyes
Reveal'd 'twas she that caus'd his sighs.

And when he could approach her near,
He'd whisper softly in her ear,
And press her hand—'till bolder grown,
He vow'd, *that hand must be his own!*

He talk'd of wealth with disregard:
Her love, his greatest, best reward:
How great the joys that they should prove,
In a sweet cot to live on love!

To hear the brook low-murmuring nigh,
And summer breezes gently sigh;
To cull the flowers that deck'd the spring,
And hear the feather'd songsters sing;

And when the day began to close,
(Signal to love and soft repose,)
Upon a flowery bank to lay,
And sport the happy hours away.

" Sure nought," he cried, " can equal this!"
" No, nothing could!" re-echoed Miss.
Yet she'd some thoughts, Papa'd say, nay:
So she resolv'd to—run away!

Next see our pair from Gretna Green
Return'd, to enjoy a rural scene:
The fair one quite forgot the city,
And thought the country " *vastly pretty!*"

But in this world of care below,
Where pains as well as pleasures grow,
Is't giv'n unceasing joys to prove?
And can one live on nought but love?

No: for when novelty was o'er,
And Poverty besieg'd the door;
When Love to kinder regions flew,
The blissful prospect vanish'd too.

And now ill-humour, care, and strife,
(And what can worse embitter life?)
Succeded love: their hours were spent
In mutual signs of discontent.

" Is this," she cried, " the blissful life
" You promis'd, if I'd be your wife?
" Are these your rural joys," she cried:
" O, for a lodging in Cheapside!"

So the good cit, who's got a *plam*,
Retires, a gentleman become;
Yet woods and fields he sees in vain,
And sighs to be on 'Change again.

SAGE & THOMPSON,
BOOK-SELLERS & STATIONERS,

No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books
in the various branches of Polite Literature; to-
gether with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

JUST PUBLISHED, A SUPERIOR EDITION
OF
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

* * TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery,
for sale as above.

Nov. 9

CHRISTMAS PIECES,
For Sale by A. MING,
No. 102, Water-street

DANCING SCHOOL.

MISS GERVAIS & M. FAUGAS,

Respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen
of New-York, that they keep their DANCING
School at the City Hotel, Broadway, in the room
usually occupied by the Philharmonic Society.
The hours of Tuition for the Ladies, are from 3
to 6, and for Gentlemen from 6 to 9 o'clock, on
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, or Saturday,
in each week. The public may rest assured, that
the School will be rendered as useful and agreeable
as possible. Nov. 23. 11m.



N. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE, No. 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pim-
ples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for
whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old
age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after
shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s.
per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the
hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning
grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled
with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving
a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures rough-
ness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s.
4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth
and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing
the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to
be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and
8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for
the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other for softening, beautifying
and preserving the skin, with an agreeable per-
fume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s.
each.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED

BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE

COFFEE-HOUSE.